

"I should be delighted," said Marge, in his unvarying manner.

Tramlay hurried to his office, after the briefest of leave takings, and Marge began to conduct Phil about New York. Soon, however, there developed a marked difference of taste between visitor and guide. Marge wanted to show the young man the Stock Exchange, which to the many minds composing a very large class has no rival attraction except the various institutions on Blackwell's Island; Phil exhibited abject ignorance and indifference regarding the Stock Exchange, but wanted to go through the sub-treasury and many other buildings in which Marge had much to say. Marge made a special trip to show the young man the statue of Jay Gould's eagle, but Phil remained firmly church from pictures he had seen, and wanted to make a patriotic tour of the tombs of distinguished men of the revolutionary period. Marge offered to introduce Phil to Russell Sage, but was amazed to learn that the young man had never heard of that distinguished individual. When, however, Mrs. Hancock, passing by, was casually pointed out by Marge, Phil stopped short and stared respectfully. Marge showed the Field building, but through the trees in front Phil correctly surmised he saw Castle Garden, and desired to go to the city hall, where he had heard of the method of receiving and distributing immigrants.

On the Produce Exchange they fairly agreed, Marge admitting that in importance it ranked next to the Stock Exchange, while Phil was able to regard it as a great business success. Preceding to search in the Wall Street for the building in which Washington had farrowed to his generalia, Marge succeeded in getting back through Broad street to the vicinity of the Stock Exchange, where he tried to atone for his failure by pointing out through a window the head of Mr. Henry Clow, but Phil, who was standing as he knew, on the site of the first president's first inaugural. The two men exhibited equal interest on half a dozen successive occasions in "stock tickers," which Marge seemed to know how to find in all sorts of places; but while Marge looked over the quotations on the tape, Phil studied the machinery of the indicator itself.

The strain upon Marge became almost too great for his self control, and he breathed a sigh of relief when Trinity's clock struck three. To have left the vicinity of the Stock Exchange earlier would have occurred to him, but he promptly on his way to the city hall, where he had his horse and wagon brought out and took Phil for a drive in Central park. Probably there he thought he could be entertained after his own manner, for he had the reins. Driving up Fifth avenue, the two men really became congenial for a little while, for Phil understood horses, and Marge's horse was a good one, and Phil admired him and knew of a good horse that would match him nicely, and Marge saw a prospect of making a team that he could sell at a large profit, and Phil promised to arrange that Marge should come out and see the horse.

But even this conversation was broken when Marge pointed out the late residence of A. T. Stewart, for Phil insisted upon moralizing on riches. In the park he asked questions about statues, and about trees and shrubs that were new to him and equally unknown to Marge, as well as uttering minor remarks; Phil also wanted a number of facts and figures about the reservoir in the park, and with difficulty restrained from spilling the drive by visiting the menagerie. Finally, when he demanded the exact sites of the various engagements on Manhattan Island between the British and Washington, after the latter had been forced to evacuate what was New York, Marge abruptly turned and drove homeward, confessing without the faintest show of shame, but rather with defiance, that he knew absolutely nothing about those times. And when the drive ended and the couple separated, the elder man's face broke from its customary calm as he muttered to himself:

"What can Tramlay want of that fellow?"

CHAPTER VII.

AT HER SIDE.

THE arrangement of the guests at the dinner table that evening suited all concerned. Phil sat at the right of the host, with Lucia directly opposite, where her face was before him all the while. Marge sat at the right of the hostess, where he could closely observe the young man from the country, and not less important, Tramlay's manner toward the younger guest. He could also note the effect of the young man and his ways upon Mrs. Tramlay; for did he not know how to translate every expression of her face? It was his own fault if he did not, for he had been one of her suitors nearly a quarter of a century before, and the lady had never ceased to be mildly grateful for this compliment, and to repose as much confidence in him as a loyal wife might without harm grant an acquaintance who never had been offensive.

That Mrs. Tramlay wanted Lucia to become Mrs. Marge was one of these confidences—not spoken, but none the less distinctly understood—and it had taken all of Marge's address to maintain his position with the family, since Lucia's "coming out," to avoid being brought to the point. Several years earlier he had fully intended to make Lucia his own when she should reach marriageable age, and many and acceptable had been the attentions by which he had endeavored to secure the first place in the girl's regard. But somehow, as his prospects gradually yet distinctly began to improve, the iron trade was gradually and distinctly waned; Marge was not in the iron trade himself, but Lucia's father was, and bachelors at 45 generally expect something with a bride besides a father's blessing. What the girl's father thought of him Marge had never taken time to wonder, for if he was satisfactory to his fastidious self, how could he be otherwise to a plodding family man? His social position was good; his name had never been borrowed of a scandal; he had no debts; he never borrowed money, and although a club man, no one had ever seen him drunk or heard of his being fond of a woman. If all this did not make a man more nearly respectable, but highly desirable as a son-in-law, what did parents expect?

The arrangement of seats at the table suited Lucia also. She knew her mother's matrimonial intentions regarding her. She was not in love with Marge, but girls in her set did not think it good form to be very fond of men whom they probably would have to marry. If, however, Marge meant business, she wished he would be more attentive to it. She felt that she was missing a great deal of pleasure for lack of proper escort. Twice in the course of the last season Marge had taken her and her mother to the opera; Lucia admired opera—that is, she liked to look about the house, and see who was with who, and how the prima donna dressed, and to have gentlemen call at her box between acts—but two opera were merely steps at a cup she longed to drink, and only once had she been able to persuade her mother to mitigate the privation. If approval interest in Phil at table could have any effect upon Marge's languid purpose, the provoking fellow should not lack stimulus. To have to devote herself for a whole hour to one young man, in the long hair and country garb which regaled their awkwardness in her mind's eye when her father announced that Phil was coming to dinner, seemed a hard task; but when the young man made his appearance Lucia was so agreeably surprised that what had seemed a task at once became by anticipation a positive pleasure.

The evening soon opened promisingly for Marge, for Phil took up a second time—a proceeding which indicated upon Mrs. Tramlay several moments of uncontrolled amazement and caused profound silence around the

under out Lucia rapidly recovered; desperate cases required desperate remedies; so she said:

"Phil, do you remember that dinner you once made us in the grove by the beach?"

"Indeed I do," said Phil. "I never shall forget it." And he told the truth, for Lucia's look of horror when he brought from the fire a piece of board piled high with roasted clams had been one of the few great mental dampers of his life.

"You made us forks from dried twigs," said Lucia, "and I kept my eye on a memento; it is hanging over my mantel now, with a bow of blue ribbon around it."

Marge frowned perceptibly; Mrs. Tramlay looked horrified; but Phil's face lighted up as he recalled Lucia's little heart gave a bound.

"Why didn't you ever give a clam bake on Sunday?"

"I have more for such a meal out of the dairy than for the best dinner that Delmonico could spread."

"Edgar!" gasped Mrs. Tramlay. It did not reach him, though the look that accompanied it passed in its full force from the foot of the table to the head.

"Why, Sunday?" said Phil, with some hesitation. "Sunday is Sunday."

"Quite true," said the host. "It is in the country, at least; I wish 'twas so here."

"Edgar," said Mrs. Tramlay, "don't make Mr. Hayn think we are heathens. You know we are not. I wish I was in that way on Sunday."

"Yes," said Tramlay; "we're as good Christians as any other family in New York."

"And after that dinner in the woods," continued Lucia, "we went for pond lilies, don't you remember? I do believe I should have been drowned in that awful pond if you hadn't caught me."

Again Marge's brows gathered perceptibly. He merely drew her aside from a muddy place, whispered Mrs. Tramlay.

"Well, this is interesting," said Tramlay, at the other end of the table. "Hayn, are there many places out your way where silly girls are likely to be drowned if they are allowed to roam about without a keeper?"

"Quite a number," said Phil, as seriously as if his host expected a list of the Haynton ponds and their relative depths. "For instance, Boddysbank pond is about—"

"Oh, that was the pond where we went canoeing—that pond with the funny name! Well, I wish I was in that very canoe, on that very pond, this very minute."

"Lucia!" exclaimed Mrs. Tramlay. "I know 'twas dreadfully impolite to say before company," said Lucia, with a pretty affectation of penitence, "but everybody knows I can't be there, and that 'twould be too cold for comfort; so it doesn't do any harm to wish it. And I should like that canoe trip over again; shouldn't you, Phil?"

"I certainly should," said Phil. "That pond is very pretty in summer, when everything around it is green. There are a great many shades of green there, on account of there being a great variety of trees and bushes. But you wouldn't know the place at this season; and I think it's a great deal prettier. The ground—the water, too—is covered with leaves of bright colors; there are a lot of blazing red swamp maples around it, in spots, and three or four cedar trees with poison ivy vines."

"Edgar!" ejaculated Mrs. Tramlay. "Folks, try leaves, you know, are the deadliest poison in the fall," Phil continued, "and they're so large and grow so close together that they make a bit of woods look like a splendid sunset."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Lucia, clapping her hands. "He's got to go to Haynton to-morrow, just for two or three days."

"Lucia," said her mother severely, "you forget all your engagements for the next few days."

"Her father's own child," said Tramlay. "She forgets everything but the subject before her. She would make a good business manager—if she weren't a girl."

"I saw some couples out canoeing at Mount Desert, last season," drawled Marge. "It seemed to me dreadfully dangerous, as well as very uncomfortable for the lady."

"Oh, our canoe wasn't one of those wretched little things, was it, Phil? 'Twas a great long pole boat, made of beech bark."

"Birch," suggested Phil. "Birch bark, and so heavy that I couldn't upset it, though I tried my hardest."

"Lucia!" the voice was Mrs. Tramlay's, of course.

"Why, mamma, the water wasn't knee deep; I measured it with the paddle."

Mrs. Tramlay sank back in her chair, and whispered that if the family ever went to the country again she would not dare leave that child out of her sight for a single instant, but she had hoped that a girl 20 years of age would have enough sense not to imperil her own life. As for that farmer fellow, she had supposed he was sensible enough to—

"You wouldn't have tried that trick if I had been in the canoe, Miss Tramlay," said Phil.

"Why not?" asked Lucia. She knew how to look defiant without ceasing to be pretty.

"Well, I would have been responsible for you, you know—your instructor. In education so to speak, and it's one of the first principles of that art not to take any risks unless something's to be gained by it."

"Good!" exclaimed Tramlay. "Not bad," assented Marge. "But I'd have got something if I'd succeeded in upsetting the boat," said Lucia.

"I'd have got a ducking."

"Then everybody laughed—everybody but Mrs. Tramlay, who intimated to Marge that Lucia was simply being ruined by her father's indulgence."

The dinner ended, the host and Marge retired to the library to smoke. Phil was invited to accompany them, but Lucia exclaimed:

"Phil has been too well brought up to have such bad habits. He is going to keep me from feeling stupid, as ladies always do while gentlemen smoke after dinner."

She took Phil's arm and led him to the drawing room, where the young man soon showed signs of being more interested in the pictures on the wall than in the girl by his side.

"These are very different from the pictures you used to see in our little parlor in Haynton," said Phil. "Different from any in our town, in fact."

"And you," said Lucia. "But you might be loyal to home, and insist that yours were unlike any in New York; because they were, you know."

"I didn't suppose they were anything unusual," said Phil, quite innocently.

"Oh, they were, though," insisted Lucia, with much earnestness. "I'm sure you couldn't find one like any in our town in New York. Let me see; I do believe I could name them all if I were to close my eyes a moment. There was 'Gen. Taylor at the Battle of Buena Vista,' 'The Destruction of Jerusalem,' 'The Declaration of Independence,' 'Napoleon's Tomb at St. Helena,' 'Rock of Ages,' 'George Washington,' 'Pauline's Court of Death,' 'Abraham Lincoln and His Family,' and 'Rum's Deadly Upas Tree.' There!"

"Your memory is remarkable," said Phil. "I didn't suppose any one had even noticed our pictures at all; for I'm sure they are old fashioned."

"Old fashioned things—why, they're all the fashion now, don't you know?" said Lucia, with a pretty laugh.

Phil did not reply, for he was quite overpowered by what seemed to him the elegance of the Tramlay pictures. He could easily see that the engravings were superior in quality to those to which he was accustomed; he was most profoundly interested by the paintings—real oil paintings, signed by artists some of whose names he had seen in art reviews in New York papers. He studied them closely, one after another, with the earnestness of the person whose tastes are in advance of his opportunities; in his interest he was almost forgetful of Lucia's presence. But the young woman did not intend to be forgotten, so she found something to say about each picture over which Phil lingered.

Among the paintings was one which had been seen, in the original or replica, in almost all the picture auctions which were frequently held in the New York business district for the purpose of feeding men who

have more money than taste. Sometimes the artist's name is German, often French, and occasionally Italian; the figures and background also differ from time to time as to the nationality, and the picture is variously named. "The Parting," "Good-By," "Autumn," "Wiedersehen," "Good Night" or "Adieu," but the canvases all resemble one another in displaying a young man respectfully kissing the hand of a young woman. The Tramlay's copy of this auctioneer's staidly was called "Adieu," the name being lettered in black on the margin of the frame.

"I kept my eye on a memento; it is hanging over my mantel now, with a bow of blue ribbon around it."

"I don't see why they should do it," said Lucia; "it's dreadfully old fashioned. People don't say 'adieu' in that way nowadays except on the stage."

"I thought I'd said a moment ago that old fashioned things were all the fashion."

Lucia shrugged her shoulders and said: "Kissing hands may come in again." Then she raised one of her own little hands slightly and looked at it. Phil's eyes followed hers, and then the young man became conscious of a wish that the old form of salutation might be resorted to on special occasions, at least.

The thought succeeded that such a wish was not entirely proper, and while he reasoned about it Lucia caught his eye and compelled him to blush—an act which the young man perhaps thought pretty, for she immediately imitated it, the imitation being much more modest and less than the original. The situation was awkward, and Phil instantly lost his self-possession; but not so Lucia.

"Here," she said, turning so as to face the wall opposite that on which the mischief making picture hung, "is papa's favorite picture. He thinks everything of it; but I say it's simply dreadful."

It certainly was. The center of the canvas, which was enormous, was filled with several columns and a portion of the entablature of a ruined Greek temple.

"It is as large as all the other pictures combined, you see; all the lines in it are straight, and there is no curve in it, it is a cross, or a bit of furniture, or even bric-a-brac."

Phil imagined his host must have seen other qualities than those named by Lucia, and he seated himself on a sofa to study the picture in detail. Lucia also sat down, and continued:

"There is color in it, to be sure; bits of the columns where the light is most subdued are as lovely as a real Turkish rug."

Much though Phil had endeavored to keep himself in communication and sympathy with the stronger sentiments of the world outside of Haynton, he had never realized even the outer edge of the mysterious and exalted of education which ruled in So Lucia's conversation. She started him into laughter. The girl seemed surprised and offended, and Phil immediately tumbled into the extreme depths of contrition.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured, quickly. "It was all because of my ignorance. We haven't any Turkish rugs at Haynton, nor any other rug, except the one we lay on floors, and use very much as if they were carpets. I ought to have known better, though; for I remember that in eastern stories, where the rare possessions of oriental kings and chiefs are spoken of, rugs are always classed with jewels and silks and other beautiful things. Please forgive me."

Half in earnest, half pretending, Lucia continued to appear offended. Phil repeated his confession, and enlarged his explanation. In his earnestness he leaned toward her; Lucia dropped her head a little. Marge, who had finished his cigar, entered the parlor at that instant and raised his eyebrows—a motion more significant in a man of his temperament than a tragic start would have been to ordinary flesh and blood. Lucia started and showed signs of embarrassment when she could no longer ignore his presence; Phil merely looked up, without seeming at all discomposed.

"I think, my dear," said Tramlay to his wife, who had been turning the backs of a magazine, "that I'll take our friend around to the club with me for half an hour, just to show him how city men squander their time and keep away from their families. I won't be long gone."

"Oh, papa! right after dinner? We've scarcely seen Phil yet, to ask him any questions."

"Plenty of time for that," the merchant replied. "We'll see him often; eh, Hayn?"

"I shall be delighted," said Phil. "Suppose you drop him at my club on your way home?" suggested Marge. "I shall be there."

"Good!" thanked very kind of you. He'll see some men nearer his own age; all our members are middle aged and stupid."

"I think it's real mean of you both," said Lucia, with a pretty pout.

Phil looked as if he thought so too. At Haynton it was the custom when a young man went to dinner or supper, which was the evening meal—to spend the evening with the entertainer. But objection seemed out of place; the merchant had gone for his hat and coat, and Marge made his adieu and was downing his overcoat at the mirror in the hall.

"I'm very sorry to go," said Phil to Lucia. His eyes wandered about the room, as if to take a distant picture of it with him; they finally rested on the picture of "The Adieu."

"You shall take my forgiveness with you," said the girl, "if you will solemnly promise never to laugh at me again."

"I never will," said Phil, solemnly; then Lucia laughed and offered him her hand. Perhaps it was because Phil had just removed his eyes from "The Adieu" and was himself about to say good-by, that he raised the little hand to his lip. Fortunately for her own peace of mind, Mrs. Tramlay did not see the act, for she had stepped into the library to speak to her husband; Marge, however, was amazed at what he saw in the mirror, and, a second or two later, at Phil's entire composure. Lucia's manner, however, puzzled him; for he seemed somewhat disconcerted, and her complexion had suddenly become more brilliant than usual.

[This story was commenced in THE SUNDAY HERALD September 15th. Back numbers can be obtained at this office. Write for particulars.]

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.]

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.
No. 1. This is beyond question the most successful Consumption Cure we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while the wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and \$1. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by A. C. Smith & Co.

Remarkable Rescue.
Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption, and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle, and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use, and after taking ten bottles found herself sound and well, now does her own housework, and is as well as she ever was—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at A. C. Smith & Co.'s drug store. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.

Facts Worth Knowing.
In all diseases of the lungs, the most important remedy used must be a non-irritating one. The medical profession has been slow to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders, irritants, or astringents, or any similar applications, because they are all irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces, and should be abandoned as worse than the disease. A multitude of persons who have borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical and permanent cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

PEOPLE'S PLATFORM.

The Document Adopted By The

Convention.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

The People and the Liberals Compared—The

Pledges Made—Promises That Will

Be Fulfilled.

After long and careful discussion the

People's municipal convention last evening

adopted the following platform. It speaks

for itself:

The People's party of Salt Lake city, in

convention assembled, present the following

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES:

The basis of free government is the right

of the people to govern themselves.

The object of the Federal constitution is

to secure a free government to the people

of the United States, wherein all persons

shall be protected in life, liberty and prop-

erty and in the enjoyment of every right

essential to their happiness and not in-

consistent with the rights of others.

We regard the Constitution as a sacred

charter of human liberty; we revere its

principles, and declare our unwavering al-

legiance to the government and laws made

in pursuance of its provisions.

The People's party has always upheld

these principles. It has maintained the

right of local self government. It has con-

tended for the freedom and purity of elec-

tions. It has opposed class legislation. It

has promoted honesty in all branches of the

public service. It has maintained equality

before the law. It has been characterized

by justice, prudence and fidelity. Taxa-

tion has been uniform and lower in Utah

than in any other territory. There have

been no extravagant salaries, no jobs, no

schemes for great bonded debts. Life

and property have been secure, morality

has been fostered and vice repressed. It

is the party of conservative progress, com-

mensurate with public necessities and re-

sources.

Opposed to the People's party is the self-

styled "Liberal" party, which professes to

venerate the constitution while violating its

fundamental truths. It arrogates to its

members the honored name of Americans

while seeking to deprive a large class of

American citizens of the substantial rights

of freedom. Through its persistent mis-

representation the right of trial by jury has

been abridged and almost destroyed in this

territory. By procuring unreplicable test

oaths and other proscription legislation it

has disfranchised many citizens, because

they would not support its men and mea-

sures. For this cause only, it has succeeded

in robbing the women of Utah of the elec-

tive franchise after they had exercised it for

fifteen years. It has endeavored to sup-

plant a legislature elected by the people

with a commission appointed by the

Federal government. It has sought to

erect an insuperable barrier of prejudice

against the admission of Utah as a state.

It seeks to extend to this territory the in-

famous enactments by which, in Idaho,

thousands of law-abiding citizens are

stripped of every political right, solely be-

cause of their membership in an unpopular

religious organization. It avows, through

its organs, its intention to procure such

Congressional legislation as will deprive

all persons who belong to that religious body

from acquiring title to any part of the

public domain. It is therefore destructive

of popular liberty and unworthy of the sup-

port of any just, liberal and patriotic

citizen.

We believe that the supremacy of the

"Liberal" party means class disfranchise-

ment, excessive taxation, official extra-

vagance, and laxity in public social regu-

lations, and that the supremacy of the

People's party means equality before the

law, reasonable taxes, official honesty and